

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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EDWARD DEACON,
HENRY PETERSON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

I AM PROUD OF MY BOY.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The snows of winter have fallen twice
Since the soldier's garb was thin;
Since thine ear has heard a mother's voice,
Twice have they burdened the pine.

But listen again to words of hers,
They cannot have lost their charm,
And carry them with thee as a shield,
They may guard thy soul from harm.

A few brief words, "I am proud of my boy,"
But they were not lightly said,
And if thy soul is akin to hers,
They will not be lightly read.

She is proud of her boy, but not as of old,
When her lips first touched his brow,
She was proud of her first-born then, perchance,
But never then proud as now.

She is proud that our list of volunteers
For so long has borne his name,
She is proud that on hard fought battle-fields
Thou hast won a soldier's fame.

But here was no painless sacrifice
When our country's strife waxed hot,
Though freely she gave her only son,
His perils were not forgot.

She knew that about the soldier's path
There are dangers thickly spread,
That even the soul may not escape,
And that path her boy must tread.

There are guards around the soldier's camp,
For they know their wily foe;
May thy soul be ever guarded close,
It deals with a subtler foe.

Remember this, for thy mother's sake,
Last night should her pride alloy,
For if thou shouldst to the tempter yield,
Could she be proud of her boy?

There will come times of weariness,
Thou wilt weary of the strife,
And thy heart will long for freedom from
The ties of a soldier's life.

But be strong to wait the day of peace,
Though it lingers on the way;
And forlorn in nought thy mother's pride,
While waiting for that blest day.

And may God be with thee as a shield,
That thou mayest return with joy,
And hear ere long from thy mother's lips
That she is proud of her boy.

EHRON.

SQUIRE TREVLYN'S HEIR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VERNER'S PRIDE,"
"KAT LITNER," "THE CHANNINGS," ETC.

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year 1863, by Deacon & Peterson, in the
Clerk's Office of the District Court for the
Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE REVELATION OF MR. JAMES SANDERS.

George Ryle speedily found the men spoken of by Hatch as having been partakers of the conversation in the sheep-pen. But he could gather no more certainty from them than Miss Diana had gathered from Hatch. Upon endeavoring to trace the report to its source—or, rather, to whence they heard it—he succeeded in finding out that one man alone had brought it to the Hold; that it was he who had told the rest. This man declared he heard it from his

wife, and that his wife had heard it from Mrs. Sanders.

Away sped George Ryle to the cottage of Mrs. Sanders. He went through the small grove of trees, spoken of in connection with this fresh story; it was decidedly the nearest way to Barbrook and to the cottage from the upper road, but it was lonely and not much frequented. He found the woman busy at the work which Mr. Dump's interruption had not allowed her to finish on the previous day—washing. With some unwillingness on her part, and much circumlocution, George drew from her tale. And to that evening we may as well go back for a few minutes, for we shall arrive at the conclusion much quicker than Mrs. Sanders will tell it us.

It was dark when she walked home from Barbrook—Mr. Dump's not having had the politeness to drive her—and she found her kitchen as she had left it. Her children—she had three besides Jim—were out in the world, Jim alone being at home with her. Mrs. Sanders lighted a candle, and surveyed the scene of discomfort: grate, black and cold; washing tub on the wooden bench, wet clothes lying over it; bricks, sloppy. "Drat that old Dump!" ejaculated she. "I'd serve him out if I could. And I'd like to serve out that Jim, too. This comes of his dancing up to the Hold after Bridget with that precious puppy!"

She put things tolerably straight for the night, got herself some tea, and then set to thinking. Where was Jim? What had become of him? And did he or did he not have anything to do with the fire? Never wilfully; she could answer for that; but accidentally? She looked into vacancy and shook her head in a timorous and doubtful manner, for she knew that torches in rick-yards might prove dangerous adjuncts.

"I wonder what they could do to him for," she thought. "If he were a spark from his torch?" she deliberated. "Sure they'd never transport for an accident! Dump's said as transportation was too good for Jim, but—"

The self-colloquy was interrupted. The door burst open, and no less a personage entered than Jim himself. And Jim, as it appeared was in a state of fright, of agitation; his breath was coming fast, and his eyes had a wild, terrified stare in them.

With his presence, Mrs. Sanders's maternal apprehensions for his future safety merged into anger. She laid hold of Jim and shook him—shook him kindly, as she expressed it; but poor Jim did not find much kindness in it.

"I say, mother, what's that for?" "That's what it's for," retorted the mother, giving him a sound box on the ear. "You'll dance out with puppies again up to that good-for-nothing mix of a Bridget!—and you'll set rick-yards a-fire!—and you'll go off and hide yourself, and let the place be searched by the police!—and me be drawn into trouble with it, and took off by that insolent Dump in a stuck-up gig to Barbrook, and huffed about the court! You'll do that again, won't you? Now, where have you been?"

Jim made no return in kind. All the spirit the boy possessed seemed to have gone out of him. He sat down meekly on a broken chair and began to shiver. "Don't, mother," said he, "I've got a fright."

"Got a fright!" indignantly responded Mrs. Sanders. "And what sort of a fright do you suppose you have given to others? Happen Madam Chattaway might have died of it, they say. You talk of a fright! Who else hasn't been in a fright since you took the torch into that rick-yard and set the ricks alight?"

"It isn't that," said Jim. "I ain't afraid of that; I didn't do it. Nora knows I didn't, and Mr. Apperley knows it, and Bridget knows it. I've no cause to be afraid of that."

"Then what are you quaking for?" angrily demanded Mrs. Sanders.

"I've just got a fright," he answered. "Mother, as true as we be here, Mr. Rupert's dead. I've just watched him killed."

Mrs. Sanders's first proceeding on the receipt of this information was to stare; her second to discredit, to believe that Jim was out of his mind or dreaming; so she treated him to a second shaking.

"Talk sense, will ye?" cried she.

"I'm not a talking nonsense," he answered. "Mother, I tell ye as sure as us two be living here, I see it. It was in the grove, up by the leaning field. I saw him struck down, and I heard the breath go out of him."

The woman began to think there must be something in the tale.

"It's Mr. Rupert you be talking of?"

"Yes, and it was him as set the rick a-fire. And now he's murdered! Didn't I run fast away? I was in mortal fear."

"Who killed him?"

Jim looked round timorously, as if thinking the walls might have ears.

"I daren't say," he shivered.

"But you must say."

He shook his head.

"No, I'll never tell it—without I'm forced."

He might be for killing me. When the husband and cry goes about to-morrow as he's dead, and folks is a asking who did it, there'll be nobody to answer. I shall keep dark, 'cause I must. If Ann Canham had waited though, and seen it, I'd not have minded saying; she'd ha' been a witness as I told the truth."

"If you don't speak plainer I'll box you," was the interruption. "What about Ann Canham?"

"Well, I met her at the top o' the leaning field as I was turning into't. That were but a few minutes afore. She'd been to work at the parson's, she said. I say, mother, you don't think they'll come after me here?" he questioned, his tone full of doubt.

"They did come after ye, to some purpose," wrathfully responded Mrs. Sanders. "My belief is as you've come home with your head turned. I'd like to know where you've been a-hiding!"

"I've been no where but up in the tallet at master's," replied Jim. "I crept in there last night; I was dead tired, and I never woke this morning. Hay do make one sleep; it's warmer nor a bed."

Leaving Mrs. Sanders to dispute this affirmation with him—and Jim contrived to parry her questions with skill—we need not follow longer the interview. At the close of the night, she knew little more than she had known at the commencement, beyond the asserted fact that Mr. Rupert Trevlyn was killed. Jim went off in the morning to

his work as usual, and she resumed her labor of the day before. Nora had scarcely shown her wisdom in releasing Jim so quickly; but it may be that to keep him longer concealed in the "tallet" was next door to an impossibility.

Mrs. Sanders was interrupted in her work by George Ryle. She smoothed down the coarse towel pinned before her and put her hanging hair behind her ears as her master entered. She was not much more tidy than she had been in the old days, when her children used to turn out ragged and dirty. He questioned her of the report which had been traced to her, and she disclosed to him what she had heard from Jim. It was not much in itself, but it had an air of mystery about it that George could not understand and did not like. He quitted her to go in search of Jim.

But another, as we have heard, had taken precedence of him in the search after that gentleman—Policeman Dumps. Mr. Dumps found him in the out-buildings at Trevlyn Farm, feeding the pigs as unconcernedly as though nothing had happened. The policeman's first move, fearful perhaps of a second escape, was to clasp a pair of handcuffs on him.

"There, you young reptile! You'll go off again, will you, after doing murder?"

"Now, in point of fact, Mr. Dumps had really no particular reason for using the concluding word. He only intended to imply that Mr. Jim's general delinquency of conduct deserved a strong name. Jim took it in a different light.

"It wasn't me as murdered him!" he said, terrified nearly out of his life at the handcuffs. "I only see it done. What for should I murder him, Mr. Dumps?"

"Who's talking about murder?" cynically returned Dumps, forgetting probably that he had introduced the word. "The setting of the rick-yard was enough for you, wasn't it, without anything else added on to it?"

"Oh, you mean the fire," said Jim, considerably relieved. "I didn't do that neither, and there'll be plenty to prove it. I thought you meant the murder."

Policeman Dumps surveyed his charge critically, uncertain what to make of him. He proceeded to questioning; setting about it in a cunningly artistic manner that was perhaps characteristic of his calling.

"Which murder might be you a-meaning, pray?"

"Mr. Rupert's."

"Mr. —. What be you a-talking of?" uttered Dumps in the utmost astonishment, standing stock still to stare at him.

And now Jim Sanders found that he had been caught in a trap, one not expressly laid for him. He could have bitten out his tongue with vexation. That the death of Rupert Trevlyn would become public property with morning light, he had never doubted, but he had intended to remain silent upon the subject.

The handcuffs, coupled with the policeman's suggestive word, had led him into the mistake—the belief that he was taken up for the murder. It was too late to retract now, and he must make the best of it and put up with the consequences.

"Who says that Mr. Rupert's murdered?" persisted Dumps.

"So he is," suddenly answered Jim. "But I didn't do it."

Mr. Dumps's rejoinder was to seize Jim by the collar and march him off in the direction of the station as fast as his feet could go one before the other. The farming man, who had been collecting from two or three parts since the policeman's arrival, followed them to the fold-yard gate, and stood there to stare; they supposed he was taken on suspicion of having caused the fire. Nora, shut up in her dairy, had seen nothing of it, or there's no knowing but she might have flown out to the rescue.

Not another word was spoken; indeed the pace that Mr. Dumps chose to walk prevented it. When they reached the station, Mr. Chattaway was inside, talking with Bowen, his horse fastened to the side railings which ran round the corner of the house. Jim went into a shivering fit at the sight of Mr. Chattaway, and strove to hide himself behind Policeman Dumps.

"So you have turned up, have you?" exclaimed Bowen. "And now where did you get to yesterday?"

Jim did not answer; he appeared to wish to avoid Mr. Chattaway, and he trembled visibly. Bowen was on the point of inquiring what made him quake in that fashion, when Mr. Chattaway's voice broke out like a peal of thunder.

"How dared you be guilty of suppressing evidence? How dared you run away?"

Bowen turned the boy round, so that he should face him.

"You just state where you got to, Jim Sanders."

"I didn't run away," replied Jim. "I lay down in the tallet at the farm stop o' the hay, and I never woke a'most all day yesterday. Miss Dickson, she can say as I was there, for she come and found me there at night, and she sent me off. There wasn't no cause for me to run away," he somewhat fractionally repeated, as if weary of having to harp upon the string. "It wasn't me that fired the rick."

"But you saw it fired," cried Mr. Chattaway.

Jim stole round, so as to put Dumps between him and the questioner. Mr. Bowen brought him to again.

"There's no cause for you to Dodge about like that," cried he, repeating Jim's words. "You just speak up the truth; but you are not forced to say anything that'll criminate yourself."

"I can tell 'em," thought Jim to himself; "it won't hurt him now." "It was Mr. Rupert did it," he said, aloud. "After he got the horsewhipping, he caught up the torch and pushed it into one o' the ricks; and that's the truth, as true as I be living."

"You saw him do it?"

"I was watching all the while. I was round the pales. He seemed like one a'most mad with passion, and it frightened me. I pulled the burning hay out o' the rick; I thought I pulled it all out, but I suppose a spark must ha' stopped in, I was frightened worse after wards when the flames burst out, and I ran off for the engines. I told Mr. Apperley as I'd been for 'em when I met him at night, and I told him true."

The boy's earnest tones, his honest eyes, the whole expression of his face, lifted full to Bowen's, convinced that lifted officer that it was the truth. But he chose to gaze still implacably at the culprit, not

to identify or stick to a particular statement of facts. "Then what made you go and look into it?" "Come! out with the truth!" "Jim's eyes fell now, and his face grew crimson. "I was afraid that if I didn't say it, and I stay up late last night at master's, and I went to sleep. And I never wrote in the morning when I ought to ha' written."

There was just sufficient probability in this for Bowen to know that it could be true. Before he could go on with his question he was interrupted by Mr. Chattaway.

"He has confessed sufficient, Bowen—that it was Rupert Trevlyn. But he deserves punishment for the trouble he has put everybody to; there must be a fresh commitment now. Keep him in custody here, and take care that he's not tampered with. I am obliged to go to Blackstone to-day, but the hearing can take place to-morrow, if you'll apprise the magistrates. And—Bowen—mind you accomplish that other matter to-day that I have charged you with."

The last sentence, spoken most emphatically and slowly, Mr. Chattaway turned round to deliver as he was going out. Bowen nodded his head in acquiescence; and Mr. Chattaway mounted his horse and rode off in the direction of Blackstone.

Jim Sanders, looking the picture of ruefulness in his handsome, stood awkwardly in the corner of the room; it was a square room, with a boarded floor, a bench ran along one side of its whitewashed walls, and a railed-off high desk was opposite. Bowen had gone within these rails as Mr. Chattaway departed, and was busy writing down a few detached words or sentences, that looked like memorandums. Dumps was gazing after the retreating figure of Mr. Chattaway.

"Dumps, call Chigwell here," said Bowen, glancing at the small door which led into the inner premises. "There's work for you, both to-day."

But before Dumps could move to do this, he was half knocked over by the haste with which somebody entered. It was George Ryle. He took in a comprehensive view of affairs at a glance; Bowen writing; Dumps doing nothing; Mr. Jim Sanders in his handcuffs.

"Oh, you have come to grief, have you?" said George to the latter. "You are just the man I wanted to find, Jim. Bowen," he added, going within the railing and lowering his voice to an undertone, "have you heard of this report about Rupert Trevlyn?"

"I have heard he is probably off, sir," was Bowen's answer. "Two of the men are going out now to look after him. Mr. Chattaway has signed a warrant for his apprehension."

George paused.

"There is a report that he is dead," he resumed.

"Dead!" echoed Bowen, aghast. "Rupert Trevlyn dead! Why, who says it?"

George looked round at Jim. The boy stood white and shivering; but before any questions could be asked of him, Dumps spoke.

"It was talking of that," he said to Bowen, with a movement of the thumb to indicate Jim. "When I clapped them handcuffs on him, he turned as scared as a girl, and began denying that it was him what did the murder. I asked him what he meant by a murder, and who was murdered, and he said it was Mr. Rupert Trevlyn."

The man, Bowen, looked thunder struck, little as it is in the way of police-officers to show emotion of any kind.

"Why, what grounds can he have had for saying that?" he exclaimed, looking keenly at Jim. "Mr. Ryle, where did you hear the report?"

"I heard it just now at Trevlyn Hold. It had been carried there, and would have alarmed them very much had they believed it. Mr. Chattaway was away, and Miss Trevlyn requested me to inquire into it, and bring them news back—as she assumed I should—of its absurdity. I believe we must go to Jim for information," added George, looking at him as keenly as did Bowen. "I have traced the report back to him."

Bowen beckoned Jim within the railings, and he came; there was just sufficient space for the three to cluster there. Dumps stood outside, leaning his elbows on the bars.

"Have you been doing mischief to Mr. Rupert Trevlyn?"

"Mr." echoed Jim—and it was evident that his astonishment at Bowen's question was genuine. "I'd not have hurt a hair of his head," he added, bursting into tears. "I couldn't sleep for vexing over it. It wasn't me."

THE DESERTER.

And then he said to me:
How the first hour was
The first hour was so
This was the first hour
How were the years of each
Too deep for sound to reach
Free from the chains of speech,
Faintest not heard!

How did I gather first
Moments too ripe to last,
Moments forever passed,
Moments divine!
But when the parting came,
Where was the grief and blame?
Where was the loss and shame?
Mine, only mine!

On the slow wings of day
Fled the sad years away,
Till the dark hair is grey,
Till youth is o'er;
Till the warm blood is gone,
Till the bright cheek is wan,
And till the eyes which once
Shine never more.

Yet in the dreams of night
Comes back my lost delight,
Making the darkness bright,
Leaving me never,
Speaks in the olden tone,
My hand within his own,
Words which are mine alone,
Now and forever.

When from a dream like this
Wakened the sad years of bliss,
How the young morning's kiss
Thrills me with pain!
How dull the day appears,
Seen through the mist of tears,
Till my horizon clears
Nightly again!

THE TIGER;

The Peril of Florence Merton.

The parade was over and the men dismissed. The morning sun was just beginning to get strong as the colonel and I rode from the ground together. It was our wont to return home in company, partly because I was his adjutant, and there were always regimental matters to talk over on the way; and partly because I was his intimate friend, and usually took some early tea at his bungalow before proceeding to my own, which adjoined.

Our regiment was quartered at Benares, at that time a very favorite station in the North-West Provinces of India. It may be a favorite station still, but I will not answer for the fact; for nearly all things have changed in India since the time of which I write, and it would be strange indeed if the attractions of Benares remained as they were.

Well, the colonel and I rode towards his bungalow. There was a silence for some minutes, which I did not break, as I generally gave him an opportunity of alluding to possible regimental subjects before volunteering general conversation.

But on this morning he was evidently occupied with some private reflections; for service matters were not likely to cause him the anxiety that his countenance betrayed.

At last his thoughts found tongue, and he said abruptly:

"I have news for you, Ayilar—news that you do not expect."

I might have been sure, had I thought twice, or indeed thought at all, that no matters relating to myself were likely to have made him gloomy or mysterious; but I must confess that my first impression on hearing of "news" had reference to a step which, by the way, I did expect in the regiment, and to a possible political appointment which I was using his interest to obtain. I was all attention in a moment, and reined in my horse so close to the colonel's that the two steeds were in the immediate interchange of confidences which threatened to come to kicks.

"No, my boy," said the colonel, smiling, and guessing my disinterested idea; "no, I have heard nothing as yet of the political agency; what I have to tell you concerns myself—ourselves."

I dare say you will not believe it, but I solemnly declare that I was more interested than before, and asked, with unfeigned earnestness, to hear more.

"Well," continued the colonel, "my news is this. The express, bringing the English letters, arrived this morning, just as I was mounting my horse, and there is no letter from Meredith. This makes a whole year that he has missed writing, and I have made up my mind to return to England by the next ship."

It was startling news indeed to me, and I scarcely knew how to receive it. I could only say:

"And Miss Merton?"

"It is on her account, of course, that we go," interrupted the colonel. "I consider that Meredith's conduct is not only injurious to Florence, but insulting to me—to the family; and I am determined, on my arrival in England, to call him to account. He shall find that I will not be put off with any but the most satisfactory explanation. Not only

my own honor is at stake, but the state of my daughter's health induces me to take this step. Florence will never, I am convinced, give up the man without the strongest proof against him; and the state of uncertainty in which we are kept threatens to produce upon her the worst effects."

I made but little remark upon what he told me, and we both pursued our reflections until we arrived at the house, where Miss Merton came forth upon the veranda to meet us.

I was prepared to see her looking pale and anxious. She had been so when I had seen her a week before. But I was not prepared for the change which had been wrought in her even in that short interval. The white dress of Dacca muslin which she wore was not more white than her skin, which, always delicately fair, had usually sufficient color in it to indicate health. And yet her paleness did not seem the result of indisposition; on the contrary, it appeared perfectly natural, and even appropriate to her beauty. Of this the main features were a somewhat tall and singularly graceful figure; a face of marvellous delicacy and sweetness, lit up by great eyes compounded of meaning and mystery; and fair hair simply fastened up, but falling in masses wherever it could. She looked so strange and wild that one might have fancied her possessed, and in the fascination which she cast around her there appeared something of the nature of a spell. These characteristics were remarkable at all times, but at the present were heightened by causes which, already alluded to by the colonel, require only a few words of explanation from me.

Florence Merton had been betrothed for the last three years to an officer in the medical service, whose first acquaintance with the family dated some years further back, when he joined the regiment of which Colonel Merton was then major in the quality of assistant-surgeon. The excitement and exposure of the last campaign had so affected his health as to necessitate a journey home. It was nearly two years since he had sailed, and once only had a letter been received from him. This was posted immediately on his landing at Gravesend, and assured his betrothed that he was already greatly invigorated by the voyage, and that, if he continued to progress at the same rate, he should get the remainder of his leave cancelled, and return to India in a very few months. This was the last that had been heard of Arthur Meredith. Florence had written several letters to him, without waiting for a reply, as you may suppose; for in those days, when the Overland Route was among the things that were not, and the voyage around the Cape was by no means so speedy as now, the despatch of a letter and the receipt of its answer involved the greater portion of a year. But after her several misadventures had been despatched without the receipt of an acknowledgment even of the first, her pride forbade her to write more; and she had now been for a year the victim of a terrible heart-sickness which comes from hope deferred.

Florence had not been without the consolation of a companion of her own sex during this time of trial. Her mother lived, and was all to her that a mother should be—who attends strictly to her duties, and has no idea beyond. She had educated her daughter herself, and brought her up with the greatest care. The duties she had undertaken were the more onerous, as Florence, born in India, had not been sent home, as are the majority of European children; her parents never having persuaded themselves to part with their only child, and the colonel's duties, rendered more than ever imperative during war, not having permitted him to make the voyage himself. But Mrs. Merton, though a person of excellent breeding, and more accomplished perhaps than most ladies of her day, was rather too conventional, and I am afraid I must say narrow minded, to understand her daughter, or to allow her daughter to understand her. She was very fond of Florence, but objected strongly to her strange, mysterious ways, which I am inclined to think she considered not quite respectable; and I have heard her say that she would feel more sympathy with her daughter's depression of spirits if they had not quite so theatrical an appearance.

The consequence was, that Florence, without having a tincture of false sentiment or affection of any kind in her composition, was not so confidential with her mother as she would have been with a less material kind of person; and so she grew more strange and mysterious, perhaps, than she would otherwise have been. She had certainly ways of her own which were singularly unlike those of other people. Her temper, as a general rule, was as sweet as her manners were gentle. But there were times when she would betray irritation evidently beyond her control, and her strong though brief burst of passion were not pleasant to see. I can answer, at any rate, for one of them, at which time the expression of her face—of her eyes especially—irresistibly reminded me of that of a cat. In her natural state of repose there was nothing whatever to recall of that animal. During the fit of indignation which it was my misfortune to witness, she was very bitter against Meredith; declared that she had bid him from the bottom of her heart, and that no earthly power should ever induce her to become his wife. Whenever she "so far forgot herself"—to use Mrs. Merton's

mode of speaking in her fitting—I was told that her words were always directed against her absent lover; and this was the more remarkable, as in her usual state of repose she always declared she would not believe in his perfidy; and was certain that his claims would be eventually explained. With the exception of the peculiarities I have noticed, there was not only nothing to distinguish her demeanor from that of any young lady of the most perfect refinement, but her amiability of disposition was expressed in all her actions. Even the mysterious fascination which I have mentioned as belonging to her did not detract from this impression. If a fairy had been at work upon her, it was a good fairy, at any rate.

I said that I had noticed all her peculiarities. There is one, however, that I have omitted, and it may seem so trifling to notice at all. I had met her upon dozens of occasions when full dress had been the rule, and had never once seen her in a dress which displayed the neck below the throat. In one manner or another she had always been rigorously covered up, and there was no instance of her having been seen in a different style of toilette. Curiously enough, though every body else remarked upon the fact, neither the colonel nor Mrs. Merton ever alluded to it. You may suppose, therefore, that, intimate as I was with the family, I never ventured to introduce the subject myself.

On the morning to which I refer I stayed to breakfast, at the pressing solicitation of the ladies, as well as of the colonel, all being of opinion that I might do them some service in arranging their plans. These, however, were very simple. Their departure involved no difficulties, as the colonel's luggage had been due for some years. Little more remained, therefore, than to obtain the formal permission from authority, place the household furniture, &c., in the hands of an agent for sale, and secure cabins in a passenger ship that was to sail in a few months' time from Calcutta.

Colonel Merton did not avow to his daughter the reasons which induced him to seek this sudden change; but the probability of meeting with Meredith was freely discussed, and Florence did not conceal her delight at the idea. It was only on the colonel's return from parade that she had learned his intentions, and already it had a perceptible effect upon her spirits, evinced in her manner, and even her appearance. By the time breakfast was over, indeed, she had lost the extreme paleness which had startled me on my entrance, and looked more like herself than she had looked for months before. Mrs. Merton, on her daughter leaving the room, remarked upon the change, and the hopes which she ventured to found upon it.

And now another question arose—Why should not I, who had so long lived in such intimate alliance with my good friends, take this opportunity of making a voyage to England myself? My health for some time past had been such as would have easily justified a sick-certificate, and the only reason why I had not applied for one before was my unwillingness to leave my post even temporarily while Colonel Merton remained in command of the regiment. Moreover, myself and the officer upon whom the command would devolve were not the best of friends; and although this would be of little importance to me as a subaltern in the corps, it would interfere very much with my position as adjutant. This consideration decided me, and I applied for leave at the same time as the colonel.

Very few days elapsed before the replies were received. My medical certificate was considered quite satisfactory, and the colonel's claim was of course indisputable. So our passages were soon taken in the *Hoopley*, one of Green's best ships, bound for London; and two days before the date of her sailing we were all safely in Calcutta.

II.

The usual official formalities before departure occupied the greater part of the time we had to spare; but every thing was eventually arranged, and almost at the last moment we went on board the *Hoopley* in high spirits, and prepared to make the best of the monotonous voyage before us.

It was sunset when we went on board, and the ship was to sail at daybreak. Our effects had been embarked before, and most of the preparations were already made. But something still remained to be done in the arrangement of the cabins, &c.; and after I had given as much assistance to the ladies as lay in my power, I was about to pay a little attention to my own comfort, when an unexpected incident put boxes and bedding and all minor matters out of my head for a considerable time.

I had proceeded on deck to search for the purser, who could not be found below, when looking for 'ard I perceived Colonel Merton hastening towards me, deadly pale, and in a state of agitation such as I had never witnessed in him before. A few rapid strides brought him to my side.

"My dear Ayilar," said he, seizing me convulsively by the shoulder, "go below and bring my wife up to me at once; I must speak to her on matters of the highest importance. Do not bring Florence, on any account, nor even hint to her that there is anything the matter. Do this, and—oblige me," he added, remembering, I suppose, that his request was a little peremptory.

I should willingly have obeyed a request even more in the form of a command from

my old friend, and, as I went down, I was almost and unobtrusively followed by the colonel's strange manner was sufficient to put any such consideration out of my mind. I ran below without a moment's hesitation, and fortunately found Mrs. Merton alone in her cabin, Florence being busily engaged in superintending the arrangement of her own effects. She had not with her any old acquaintance on board, who were going home in the ship, and was contributing to the conversation which ensued with a vivacity quite unusual to her even in ordinary times. She had indeed changed during the month that had elapsed since the colonel made up his mind to go home. The color had returned to her cheeks, and, though the wild beauty of her eyes still remained, there was nothing in her manner and appearance which recalled her former mysterious state; nothing that might not appropriately belong to a healthy, happy, and handsome English girl.

I told my mission to Mrs. Merton in a few words, and she accompanied me to the deck. The colonel was sitting near the cabin, leaning over the back of the seat, his head buried in his hands. Mrs. Merton disengaged herself from my arm and touched her husband on the shoulder. I was about to withdraw, so as not to seem to intrude upon this conversation, when the colonel turned himself and stood upon his feet.

"No, my friend," said he, contemplating my movement; "do not leave me; I may have to ask a service from you. But first tell me, dear," he said, turning to his wife, "can you make up your mind to go on shore again with Florence and myself, and postpone our voyage until next month?"

"My dear Charles, you must have taken leave of your senses—after all our boxes are on board, top, and every thing neatly arranged in the cabins!"

"Better the boxes should be at the bottom of the sea," pursued the colonel, "than we encounter the peril that awaits us in this ship."

"I know not what peril you can mean, Charles," said Mrs. Merton, "unless the ship is a bad one and likely to get lost; in which case, of course, it would be better not to go in her. But we must remember that the luggage is all in the hold, which is closed, and will not be opened for two or three days."

The colonel made an exclamation of impatience, and led his wife aside, motioning to me not to leave. The pair talked together for a few minutes, in the course of which Mrs. Merton, I could not but observe, became almost as agitated as her husband had been a short time before. Presently they returned together, when Mrs. Merton left the colonel and myself together, and proceeded once more below.

A silence followed, broken at last by Colonel Merton, who addressed me with an evident effort.

"Ayilar, we have been friends, and good friends, for some years; and I know I can trust you. I am placed in a position of danger, which I need your assistance to avert—if, indeed, it is to be averted at all. But before I can explain its full significance, I must inform you of some family matters which are known to nobody besides myself, except my wife, my daughter, and one other person. Are you prepared to listen?"

I could not trust myself to speak, but motioned assent. The colonel continued:

"It is now nearly ten years ago since the regiment which I have lately commanded was, in the usual course of relief, ordered up country. The corps has been, as you know, half over India in the meantime; but it was then ordered from Barrackpore to Cawnpore. The march was a long one; but as things were quiet in the country, there was nothing to prevent my wife and daughter accompanying me to our new station. They accordingly proceeded with the regiment, travelling, as usual, in palankeens. Florence was at that time (she is now eighteen) scarcely more than eight years old. She was a remarkably forward child for her age, full of the highest animal spirits, and sometimes a little beyond control. But this will happen in a country where children are generally spoiled by servants; and she was so thoroughly good-hearted, and there was such a charm, even then, in her presence, that it was impossible to quarrel with her; and so she became surrounded by a crowd of good-natured persons, who were in a perpetual conspiracy to let her do exactly as she pleased."

"Well, we marched through the greater part of Bengal without adventure, and without any noticeable change, except that Florence, gaining health and strength by the journey, gained also in animal spirits and audacity. Her natural love of excitement, thus stimulated, brought upon her a terrible disaster."

"It happened one day when we were halted near Shergotty. It was close upon sunset, and we were soon to resume our march. In the cool evenings my wife and daughter very frequently rode on with me at the head of the camp for a few miles, before getting into their palankeens. They were about to do so on this occasion, and Florence, being mounted first, was, as usual, impatient to set out. The tents, however, were not yet struck, and Florence was told to wait for a short time. This she had not the patience to do; but declaring, as I was afterwards told, her intention to ride on a

short distance and return, she gave her pony the rein and dashed on ahead at full speed. The pony followed as well as he was able, but was soon left hopelessly behind; and the pony and his rider were last seen a short distance in the distance, a descent in the road then hiding them completely from view. The search was about to commence, when, being mounted myself, I looked about for Florence. A distant voice was raised in chorus to answer to my inquiries, and a faint light gleamed in the direction she had taken. Without dreaming of the catastrophe which was really impending, I still knew that there was great danger involved in a young child proceeding by herself on a heavy road, especially towards nightfall, when the dangers are necessarily doubled both for man and beast. So I put upon my horse—the pony was old English, who at that time went like the wind—and started in pursuit to full gallop. I must have ridden nearly three miles, looking on ahead and seeing nothing when I lighted a short, followed by a bound from one side of the road to the other, and then stood still, his mouth foaming, his limbs outstretched, and his whole body bristling with fright.

"I was not long in finding the cause, which, in truth, frightened me as much as did the pony's leap. The first object I saw lying among the jungle by the side of the road was my daughter's pony, its clean white body disfigured by a hideous wound in the flank, while another laid bare the bones of its neck. Close beside it lay on one knee an officer—I saw at a glance that he wore our uniform—supporting my poor little girl, who was in an apparently lifeless state. She was flinging from her and a severe wound in the shoulder, caused by the claws of some wild beast, which had torn the flesh in a horrible manner. I recognized the gentleman supporting her at once, though I had but a slight personal acquaintance with him. He was our assistant-surgeon, who had joined us only on the eve of the march."

"It was Meredith, then," I interposed.

"Yes," continued the colonel; "it was Meredith; and it was fortunate that he was a medical man, for his professional ministrations were at once employed in reviving her, and he bound up her shoulder too with great care and skill. It seems that he also had been wandering out from camp with his rifle, thinking perhaps to meet with a bear, little knowing how much those animals abounded at that time near Shergotty. He was returning in haste, in order to join the camp before the march, when he saw the pony, with poor Florence upon it, walking along the road, to take breath apparently after a hard run. Almost at the same instant he saw a tiger, a young but still a large beast, approach stealthily from the jungle, and make a spring at the unfortunate animal, alighting upon the neck, and pulling it down at once. The child, though shaking with fright, managed to extricate herself from the saddle before the pony fell, which she was the better able to do as the tiger made his spring from the off-side of the animal; but, though she had cast off the stirrup, there was some impediment caused by the habit, and she was thrown to the ground. It was then that the tiger, as if to prevent her from rising, gave her the claw upon the shoulder, to which the thin covering she wore afforded scarcely any protection. The monster had hitherto kept one paw upon the neck of the pony, thus holding him down, and giving him a heavy blow on the flank to keep him quiet. But his attention being diverted to the child, he was just about to abandon the brute for the human prey when Meredith came up. The tiger now turned upon the new-comer, and man and beast glared at one another for an instant, as if to measure their respective forces. Meredith was the first to act. With rare intrepidity he dashed into close quarters, and with the only barrel he had loaded, put a bullet, not into the animal's head, at which he had aimed, but merely into his shoulder. A remarkably good shot at most times, the suddenness of the encounter had unsteadied his hand. It was a terrible crisis. The wounded animal gave a roar of rage on feeling himself hit, which, in nineteen cases out of twenty, is the immediate prelude to a spring. But Meredith by this time had all his nerve at command, and, remembering that a sudden noise will sometimes have the effect of scaring wild beasts, he raised a kind of war-hoop, and rushed furiously at the animal, brandishing his rifle, which he held with both hands by the muzzle, above his head at the same time. The chances were greatly against him, but his bold front had the desired effect. The animal hesitated for a second or two, then quailed, turned round, and ran back into the jungle. Meredith had just time to raise my child, who had fallen fainting to the ground, when I came up. The wound which poor Florence had received was of little account compared with the mental shock. It was long before she was restored to consciousness, and was sufficiently revived to be taken back to camp. The colonel (I was only major in the regiment at the time) was humane enough to risk a reprimand, and to stop the march of the regiment that night; and the next day our patient was well enough to be moved. The wound was healed in a reasonable time, though the marks still remain; as a general rule almost imperceptible, but under any circumstances of excitement painfully apparent. The mental malady was more diffi-

cult to cure, the more so as there was no hope, I was told, of its ever being cured. I was then a young man, and I was not long in coming to a decision. I was about to tell you, however, that during the great crisis I gave her over to the treatment of Meredith, who, although very young at the time—having only just received his appointment to the service—had a knowledge of his profession which might be availed of to the best advantage. To his skill and attention I confided I owe the second saving of my girl's life; and his personal qualities besides being such as could not fail to ensure love and esteem, you may imagine that from that time we were close friends. He still remained with the regiment after we got into quarters; and during our infancy there my little daughter, whom 'Griddle' knew no bounds, always said that when she grew up nobody else but Meredith should be her husband. We only laughed at the idea at the time. The war broke out; the regiment went to the front; Meredith and I saw more than one bloody fight together, and a great deal of arduous campaigning, far away from where the women and children awaited our return. But when the respite did take place, Meredith, of his own accord, avowed his desire that the child's wish should be realized. He offered himself in fact for my daughter, who was then little more than a stripling, but greatly advanced for her years. Florence had her own choice in the matter, and accepted him without hesitation; it being arranged, however, that the marriage should not take place for two years. In the meantime you know what has occurred. The silence of Meredith seems inexplicable, but I am still in hopes that it may be explained; and it is to obtain an explanation of some kind that I am on my way to England. That he is alive is certain enough, otherwise his death would have been publicly announced in Orders."

I had been so interested in the narrative as to be patient up to this time; but as the colonel paused, I interposed.

"But, my dear colonel, you have not told me the nature of your present difficulty, which makes you so reluctant to proceed in this ship."

"Truly," he returned; "you bring me back to my misery, which I had half forgotten. It is simply this—there is a tiger on board."

Such was indeed the fact. A large tiger was shipped, in order to be conveyed to England, for consignment to a zoological garden. It was in a cage which had been stowed for 'ard, where first-class passengers, if ladies, would seldom or never venture, but where there was nothing to prevent them from venturing if they chose. The possible danger to Miss Merton from the neighborhood of the animal was obvious; and the question to be settled was, how to avert the evil. A very short discussion of pros and cons made it apparent that it was too late to change our plans, and wait for the next ship. Apart from other reasons, such an arrangement would be highly undesirable, considering that we had no plausible excuse to assign to Miss Merton for the change. This alternative was therefore soon rejected, and so our resources became considerably narrowed. At last we agreed to do what any other helpless men must have done under the same circumstances—to run the hazard of ultimate discovery, and to conceal from Miss Merton, by all means in our power, the presence of the beast on board. For this purpose we resolved to let our few acquaintances among the passengers into the secret, and with their co-operation, to prevent Miss Merton, if possible, from visiting the fore part of the ship. The roaring of the animal was a contingency to be dreaded; but we could only hope that the animal would not roar, and that, if it did, it would not be heard.

III.

We weighed anchor on the following morning, and got out of the river without accident. Once at sea, and fairly committed to the course we had agreed upon, we felt comparatively content, although still in a painful state of anxiety; but the feeling wore off by degrees, as we found day after day that nothing occurred to justify our fears. This, however, was owing to our precautions, which we took care never to relax. Whenever Miss Merton went upon deck, one of our party always accompanied her, or kept her in sight. Fortunately for our purpose, the young lady was not inclined to

PRINTING WITHOUT INK.—A gentleman, a large capitalist, and one of the most successful inventors of the day, has succeeded in chemically treating the paper during the process of manufacturing printing paper, such a manner that, when the paper is pressed upon the uninked type, the chemical particles are crushed and a perfect blue impression is the result. The advantage sought to be obtained is the elimination of ink and rollers: and by recombining

these gentlemen in some parts of his argument, and further information is wanted at his own request, until letters patent shall be obtained.—*London Typographical Association.*

WHOSE OX WAS GORED?—Here is an amusing example of the difference between whose ox was gored by whose bull. The *Chronicle* (N. H.) Eagle says that a walled water

23 Buffon, it was once stated in conversation, had dissected a dear relative. A lady, exclaiming against the unfeeling act, De Macrao observed—"Why, madam, he was dead!" This remark reminds us of the French Princess who sat to Canova for his statue. A lady, to whom she spoke of the fact, inquired: "Did you not feel rather uncomfortable?" "Not at all," replied her Highness, "for of course there was a good fire in the room."

The Publishers of THE POST take pleasure in announcing that their literary arrangements for the coming year are of a character to warrant them in promising a feast of good things to their thousands of readers. Among the contributors to THE POST we may now mention the following distinguished authors:—

AND
VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND,
Whose Domestic Sketches are so greatly
admired.

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endeavor to maintain its high reputation for

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NOT A COUNTRY

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THE SUNDAY EVENING POST.

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"For they shall be a ball of Bushin, and tear around a seekin' what they may divorce." This, my brother, is one of those blessed utterances which come to a collector's mind like a bolt of lightning, and as you all know it, or ought to, if you don't, there's no use for me to say what it may be worth, so long as it is a common-sense utterance. For they shall be a ball of Bushin, and tear around a seekin' what they may divorce. For they shall be a ball of Bushin, and tear around a seekin' what they may divorce.

I ain't no wish, my brother, to end my words or those of the dissemination to which I belong, but I leave it to any other man in this assembly whether it isn't all right in the state of Illinois, where I come from, that though they ain't no pretensions to learn, and don't make what-so-ever, yet that the regular hard-shell Bushin makes the far fly further out of a single text of Scripture than any of your great educated preachers. For they shall be a ball of Bushin, and tear around a seekin' what they may divorce. Now, who is it that says, "and they shall be a ball of Bushin, and tear around a seekin' what they may divorce?"

When the car reached Twelfth street, and the nervous man found that the speed was not increased, he called to the conductor, compelling the latter to bend his head as though to receive a communication of some moment, and then hoarsely whispered: "How much do you get for the job?" "Sir," replied the conductor, and looked at the man as though desirous of enlightenment. "How much for the job?" again asked the nervous man. "Does it come cheaper than back?" "A wild stare was the only answer. "Whose body is it?" continued the nervous man, stuffing a fresh piece of tobacco into his mouth. "Body, sir! What do you mean, sir?" "Why, ain't this car following a horse?" "No, sir," answered the astonished conductor. "Oh! I thought it was, judging by the speed."

A NEW MEASURE FOR LAGER.—Not long since the keeper of a lager beer saloon was arrested upon a charge of selling intoxicating liquor without license, when he attempted to prove that the Teutonic beverage was not an intoxicating drink. A number of witnesses who had amply tested its qualities, were called one after another, until finally an old German named W—, took the stand, and the question was propounded to him: "Do you consider lager beer intoxicating?" "Vell," replied W—, "ah for dat I gunt say. I drinkah feisty or seesty glassah a day, and it never hurrah me; put I don't know how it would be if a man yash to make a hog of himself."

OBSTINATE JUROR.—A novel mode of bringing an obstinate juror to his senses was adopted recently at Santa Cruz. He held out against the other eleven, who had promptly agreed upon a verdict of guilty. After an hour of argument with no avail, it was at last proposed that the jury should return a verdict of "guilty, by eleven Jurymen, who believe the other one to be a confederate of the prisoner, and as great a rascal." This ended it. The obstinate juror saw twenty vigilance committees in his mind's eye, and in five minutes the jury unanimously returned a verdict of guilty.

LETTERS TO SOLDIERS.—A returned soldier, making a report to a religious society, said: "I wish to speak of one way in which you can do great good to your soldier friends in the army. Write to them many letters. I am a sergeant, and so I have had much to do with the mails of our regiment. I know that when a mail arrives, every man looks for a letter. All are looking. They want to hear from home. They think they ought to be remembered. And when the mail comes in, bringing no letters from loved ones at home, I have seen men become exasperated under the bitter disappointment, and take to gambling and drinking, and anything to kill time. They will do these things out of spite. They will say, 'Our friends at home care nothing for us, and they must not blame us if we care nothing for them.' And so they will attempt to drown their sorrow in the indulgence of some kind of vice. If you could know how much good, kind, Christian letters from fathers and mothers, and brothers and sisters, and wives and sweethearts do to soldiers, in comforting, restraining and encouraging them, I think you would not be slow to write such letters to them. Oh! if you would save them from ruin, write many letters. Then they feel that your eye is upon them, and they are restrained from falling into many sins."

THE STREET CAR.

Riding along Girard avenue, Philadelphia, a few days since, in a horse-car, among the passengers (and there were but few of them) was a tall, dark, nervous-looking man, with much tobacco in his mouth, and considerable saliva on his shirt bosom and vest. He was an impatient man, and as the car groped along at a snail's pace, his jaws worked furiously, and he spit tremendously, while he cast saggy glances at the conductor and driver, who were "laying back" for more passengers.

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Old Poppers "won't be bothered" with his basket of fish, as he has only time for one more cast in his favorite pool.

THE TWO MISERS.

A miser living in Kufu had heard that in Basora also there dwelt a miser more miserly than himself, to whom he might go to school, and from whom he might learn much. He forthwith journeyed thither and presented himself to the great master as a humble commender in the art of avarice, anxious to learn, and under him to become a student.

"Welcome," said the miser of Basora; "we will straight go to the market to make some purchases."

They went to the baker. "Hast thou good bread?" "Good, indeed, my masters, and fresh and soft as butter."

"Mark this, friend," said the man of Basora to the one of Kufu; "butter is compared with bread as being the better of the two; as we can only consume a small quantity of that, it will also be cheaper, and we shall therefore act more wisely and savingly, too, in being satisfied with butter."

They then went to the butter-merchant, and asked if he had good butter.

"Good, indeed, and savory and fresh as the finest olive oil," was the answer.

"Mark this also," said the host to his guest; "oil is compared with the best butter, and therefore by much ought to be preferred to the latter."

The next they went to the oil vender. "Have you good oil?"

"The very best quality; white and transparent as water," was the reply.

"Mark that, too," said the miser of Basora to the one of Kufu; "by this rule water is the very best. Now at home I have a painful, and most hospitably therewith will entertain you."

And indeed, on their return, nothing but water did he place before his guest, because they had learned that water was better than oil, oil better than butter, butter better than bread.

"God be praised," said the miser of Kufu, "I have not journeyed this long distance in vain."

A VALUABLE BUCKET.—Among the many curious modes of making money in Australia, none, I think, surpasses the following:—A surgeon told me that he went one day into the tent of a brother medicine, on the Bendigo, just as the patient was going out.

"I have been stopping a tooth," said the surgeon.

"Do you get good cement here?" inquired my friend.

"Admirable!" replied the surgeon. "I saw an old getta-percha bucket selling in a lot of old tools one day at auction. I bought the lot for the sake of the bucket, which cost me five shillings. I have already stopped some hundreds of teeth with the getta-percha at a guinea each, and shall, no doubt, stop thousands with it before the old bucket is used up. It is a fortune to me. My name is up for an unrivalled dentist, and they come to me far and near."—Life in Melbourne.

TRUTH AND ITS DEVELOPMENT.—A philosopher should aim solely at truth, and should refuse to estimate the practical tendency of his speculations. If they are true, let them stand; if they are false, let them fall. But whether they are agreeable or disagreeable, consolatory or disagreeing, safe or mischievous, is a question not for philosophers, but for practical men. Every new truth which has ever been propounded has for a time caused mischief; it has produced discomfort, and often unhappiness, sometimes by disturbing social or religious arrangements, and sometimes merely by the disruption of old and cherished associations of thought.—Duchie.

MY LOVE.

They said:—They hear we hear no more; Why are its chords so mute?

I answered:—Let the free heart pour Its songs through harp and lute; Mine is enchain'd; it broods and sighs— It lives alone in dreams: The world, to these love-enslaved eyes, Now but a desert seems.

They said:—If love bring so much pain, Pray heaven thou may'st be free! I answered:—Prayer were all in vain, And free I would not be! My angel knows not I am here, She knows not she is mine; For all that infinite Heaven confers I would not make one sign!

They said:—Then surely art thou mad; And well if thou wert dead; I answered:—Soon that wish were had, Were her sweet spirit fled! She is my all!—for her I live: With her, oh, might I die! Ah! eager, earth-sick fugitive!— My Heaven would with me fly!

J. W. M.

Useful Receipts.

WHOOING COUGH.—The Philadelphia Ledger has the two following receipts:

The following has proved a rare relief wherever tried, viz: Take green garlic and pound it up, soak in whiskey, and bathe the spine well. It has been known to cure where all other appliances failed.

Forty grains of salts of tartar and twenty grains of cochineal, dissolved in a half pint of water, to be well seasoned with leaf sugar. Dose, four teaspoonful per day. The above recipe has been given to hundreds with the happiest effect.

TEMPERANCE CAKE.—Take two pounds of wheat flour, three-fourths of a pound of fresh lard or butter, one pound of powdered white sugar, one nutmeg grated. After the flour and butter have been incorporated, lay the sugar in, and pour upon it a small teaspoonful of saleratus, previously dissolved in a large tablespoonful of boiling water; have well beaten six eggs, and with a spoon incorporate them all well together, till it can be moulded with the hands; roll it thin, cut with a tumbler, and bake in a few minutes in a quick oven without turning.

GINGER NUTS.—1 quart molasses, 1 butter, 1 brown sugar, 3 oz. ginger, 3 oz. coriander, caraway, and allspice, mxd.

NAPOLÉON'S MODE OF MAKING COFFEE.—The late Emperor Napoleon, who was a great amateur of coffee, is said to have given instructions to his cook to prepare it in the following way:—For three or four persons, two ounces of recently burst and ground coffee are put into an ample coffee pot of the ordinary kind, with a small piece of litmus; this is held over the fire and shaken by the hand so as to prevent the burning of the coffee; when a smoke is seen to issue from the pot, water, at the boiling point is poured upon it in a sufficient quantity to supply six breakfast cups, in the proportion of one-third of coffee to two-thirds of milk. The coffee pot is taken from the fire before the water is added, but being heated, the coffee boils gently as the pot is held in the hand, the ebullition is sufficient to bring out all the fine properties of the coffee without carrying off the aroma; a cup is then poured out and returned again to the pot, to allow the powder to precipitate, and in two or three minutes the coffee is perfectly clear, and is used with boiling milk. Some of the best families in Paris now adopt this plan.

Agricultural.

TEETHING IN HORSES.

There is no doubt that many young colts suffer as much pain in cutting their teeth as in the case of children; and the pain does not always arise, as some persons suppose, from irritation of the mucous membrane of the mouth, occasioned by the point of the tooth, but frequently from pressure on, and irritation of, the dental nerve. The remedy (instead of tormenting the suffering creature with a red hot iron for the purpose of "burning out the lamppost," as some persons prefer to do) is a common thumb lancet. Make an incision through the gum, or mucous membrane of the mouth, in the region of the tanks or incisors, wherever the difficulty may be, and relief is almost immediate. This is a sure remedy to relieve local distention of the mucous membrane of the mouth, if it exist, and at the same time prevents the fang of the tooth from irritating the dental nerve.

Sharp and Projecting Teeth.—Owing to the unequal wear of some horse's teeth, they become sharp on the outside margins, and are then apt to irritate and perhaps lacerate the buccal membrane of the cheeks. Should this be the case, we generally find that the salivary secretion is augmented, mastication is imperfect, and the subject generally loses flesh, and appears unthrifty. The remedy is a moth rasp. By means of this instrument, the sharp and projecting edges may be smoothed.

Inflamed and Tender Mouth.—Inflammation, tenderness, and tumefaction of the horse's mouth arising from whatever cause it may, generally indicates the application of cooling and astringent lotions; and light diet of bran mash, cooling lotion, composed of solution of hydrochlorate of ammonia, or chlorate potassa, are indicated when the mouth is hot or inflamed. A tender mouth, accompanied by corrugation and relaxation of the soft palate, known as "lamppost" requires a few applications of some astringent lotion, made of alum, gum catechu, raspberry leaves, white oak bark, or diluted tincture of muriate of iron.—Dr. Dodd in Prairie Farmer.

A HINT WORTH KNOWING.

For a year we have been on the point of cautioning our readers against coloring their fences with coal tar. We have indulged our own fancy with this tar for black is a favorite color with us for lawn or garden fences; but in this indulgence, the first cost, which is quite considerable, is not the only expense to incur. There is a much greater expense, which is the destruction of the fence itself by reason of the tar! It would seem that, in addition to the increased heat attracted by the color, there is something in the tar itself which causes the speedy crumbling away of the hemlock boards by a species of dry rot. We were greatly surprised when we discovered the fact, as it completely upset our ideas on the subject. Instead of its being a destroyer as it turns out to be, we expected the tar to be a preserver of the fence, especially as it was applied hot and in large quantity.—German-ian Telegraph.

SWEDISH OATS.—A specimen of very heavy black oats was some months since received by the Commissioner of Agriculture from Dr. Charles A. Leas, American Consul at Stockholm. Their weight was considerably more than forty pounds per bushel, and their appearance so promising as a healthy and hardy variety, that an order was given for a quantity for distribution among farmers. The oat crop has suffered much, of late years from disease and deterioration of seed, and new seed may possibly prove an immense enhancement to the value of the crop. The price of oats is now very high; their use in preference to corn is absolutely essential to the health and vigor of horses, and a greatly increased production is a very decided requisite of the agricultural industry of the country.

FALLEN FRUIT.—Never permit green fruit to decay on the soil beneath the trees. In every apple, pear, plum, and cherry, which is prematurely cast, there exists a minute insect, which eats its way out in time, and becomes the source of evil to the woodying crop. Gather up, and either feed them to your domestic animals, or dispose of them in some way which will secure you against the results which must necessarily ensue from neglect. Swine turned into orchards the last of June, and permitted to have access till the fruit is gathered, afford a good protection against insects, by destroying the wormy fruit that produces them.

COWS.—I make a point to get those with a good yellow skin, the quality of the milk being very essential in the making of good butter, that of a fine yellow color always having the preference, and such butter cannot be made from cows with pale colorless skin.

A burglar who broke into a house at Ecclid Creek, Ohio, during the absence of the family and pocketed spoons and other "portable property," in getting out of the window stepped on an insecure cover of a cistern, broke through and was drowned.

The Riddler.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 26 letters. My 1, 2, 17, 21, 22, 23, is a mineral. My 4, 25, is a Latin conjunction. My 7, 20, 14, 26, 28, is an English money. My 12, 23, 25, 24, is a measure. My 22, 26, 27, 4, 23, 41, is a woman's foot. My 22, 26, 23, 44, 2, is a kind of tree. My 22, 26, 23, 44, 2, is a precious stone. My 22, 26, 23, 44, 2, is a woman's instrument. My 22, 26, 23, 44, 2, is a Republic. My 22, 26, 23, 44, 2, is an important part of a ladder. My 22, 26, 23, 44, 2, is a kind of fish. My 22, 26, 23, 44, 2, is a color. My 22, 26, 23, 44, 2, is a useful pin to the collar. My 22, 26, 23, 44, 2, is an European war. My 22, 26, 23, 44, 2, is a musical instrument. My whole is a couplet from one of Cowper's poems. JOSEPH A. BORN. Jr. Richmond Place, Cincinnati.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. I am composed of 14 letters. My 4, 5, 14, 6, 8, is an article of food. My 3, 12, 10, is a thing useful to school children. My 12, 2, 6, 8, is a metal. My 1, 11, 7, 9, is what landlords like to receive. My whole is the name of a distinguished Philadelphia artist. B. B. ADDRESS.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. My form though inactive, is ever in motion, Unshaken I stand on the breast of the ocean.—But yet it is true, though strange to tell— In the waves or the waters, I never do dwell. You will find me by searching the crystal fountain, Likewise near the centre of the towering mountain; In the earth or the air, you never can behold me— Though lost in the ether, the heavens will hold me. I'm sportive and lively in dall melancholy, A subject to fashion, to Ann and to Molly; But, oh! how unfortunate, what a great pity, My presence is banished from every city! To man do I prove an invaluable blessing;— Now name me, 'twill cost but a trifling guessing. I'll be seen in a moment, there's not the least doubt, But if studiously sought for, I'm never found out! Captain L. B. CHESTER. Mount Auburn, Cincinnati.

RIDDLE.

I went into the woods and got it; I sat down and looked for it; and, not being able to discover it, brought it home with me;—what was it? Captain L. B. CHESTER.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. There is a fly in the lower corner of a room, which room is 20 feet long, 15 feet wide, and 10 feet high; what is the shortest distance for the fly to go, in order to reach the upper and opposite corner? ANDREW.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. A man being asked the time of day, replied, that, if 1-5 of the time from now till midnight, add 17-35 of the time past noon you will have the time of day. Required—the time of day? E. M. BEROSTREMER. Xenia, Ohio. An answer is requested.

ANAGRAMS ON GIRL'S NAMES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. A cigar. Let sal. Breath. Mix ale. Charlie. My. Dat an li! O! the road! A lice! Soli. Gamed. Via sail. Heel pan. Vain eel. Ho! Cell. Zel, I hate Li! Cincinnati, Ohio. Capt. L. B. CHESTER.

DARK CONUNDRUMS.

Why is a short negro like a white man? Ans.—Because he is not a tall (at all) black. Why is a negro with no hair on the top of his head like a candidate for a club who has been rejected by its members? Ans.—Because he's a black-bald individual. Why would negroes make excellent confidential secretaries? Ans.—Because they would always be able to keep dark. Why would negro troops be apt to do better in supporting a fort than in attacking it? Ans.—Because they have always been brought up to admire and support a Garrison.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.—"Are there so great resentments in heavenly minds." RIDDLE.—"One day to die is worth two to-morrow." Answer to R. Bario's PROBLEM published June 20th.—Abacous measured 24 feet, and double ordinate 26 feet. E. Hagerty, Baltimore, and Invalid.

Answer to PROBLEM by Jakir, published April 4th.—supposing the force of gravity to be 16.1-33 feet, and the velocity of sound 1125 feet per second, the person must be 61067 177-330 feet high. Gill Bates, Hoperville, Clarke county, Iowa.